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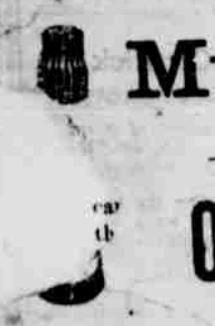
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### Obituary.

Lawson R. Hughes was born in Crittenden county, Ky., Sept. 8, 1837 and was married to Miss Nannie E. Simpson, Oct. 29, 1869. About one year after his marriage he professed religion and united with the Methodist Episcopal church, South, at Mt. Zion, of which he was a faithful member till his death. For the last fifteen years brother Hughes was invalid, and though able to get about more or less, he was never regarded as a well man. For several months previous to his death, he was a patient sufferer. On the 10th of March, 1893, at the old homestead, where he was born, raised, and had lived, he breathed his last in the arms of a merciful Saviour. "My sky is clear," was the response in answer to a question as to his hopes of heaven. "Yes," said he, "I feel that I shall have a home in heaven." When his death was known throughout the community, his loss was keenly felt, particularly among the needy and poor. A sad vacancy is noticed and felt at old Mt. Zion, which he loved so much and where he worshipped so long. A large concourse of people attended his funeral. In the old Mt. Zion cemetery, his body repose till the resurrection of the just. Peace to his ashes.

"A precious one from us has gone, A voice we loved is stilled, A place is vacant in our home, Which never can be filled. God in his wisdom has recalled The soon his love has given; And though the body slumbers here, The soul is safe in heaven."

—E. M. GIMSON.

Died on the morning of the thirteenth of December 1892, little Hugh infant son of J. N. and Ida M. Roberts, aged four months and six days. We administered many remedies, we mingled our prayers and tears together as we watched by his little cradle, but, in vain, he faded like a flower before our weeping eyes. His little body gave a way beneath the mortal stroke of disease and his spirit returned to God who gave it. And we are left here to walk through the trials and bereavements of earth, asking forward to the time when we will go home to that sweet abode. But we are not left to ourselves, this is our task, that the same love of kind, that oak our darling sons and members is still leading and guiding us, bringing us each day nearer home and everlasting happiness.

Yes, we are coming, baby coming When the storms of life are o'er, We will meet these fondly greet thus,

Where pain and parting come no more.

A FRIEND.

Thomas, the little son of Henry L. and Sarah E. Bolt, was born Oct. 15, 1893, and died of pneumonia Dec. 3, 1893. He was a bright and cheerful little fellow giving much attention to books and always lead his class at school, attended Sunday school, and but few of his age had such knowledge of the Bible.

To the bereaved mother we say, "Weep not for Tommie for he is resting in the Paradise of God, where there is no night, neither sorrow, or pain, for the hand of God has wiped all tears from their eyes and they shall reign for ever," our Saviour says, "Sister little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Tommie's home is the home of the house of many mansions and his companions are angels. The chilly waters of death Jordan are passed and he stands among the blood-washed throng on the other side, having joined the song of redemption he sings praises to Christ who redeemed him, then is faithful until death, for our God is a sun, and a child.

W. F. R.

The deceased was buried in the Union Cemetery, Louisville, Ky.

DUBOIS & WEBB, Room 10, Norton Block, northwest corner Fourth and Serrano streets, Louisville, Ky.

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